



Crimpville Comments

Est. 1973

SPRING
2018



ISSUE
117

Free

Publisher
Bellingham
Historical
Commission

Happy
St. Patrick's
Day



WOMEN'S HISTORY MONTH

Marion Estes White*

Marion Angelia Estes was born On April 2, 1877 to Alfred Franklin Estes and Evelina (Crooks) Estes in a small two story house on Paine Street in South Bellingham.

Meanwhile, her father had a house built on Center Street for his family. Center Street at that time went from where it now meets Pulaski Blvd all the way to a short strip of Blackstone. They only lived there about a year when her father died of consumption. This would be the house, since razed where Arthur White once lived.

After her father's death, Marion and her mother moved across the street to live with her sister Estelle and husband James Hall. James and Estelle and their three year old daughter lived in the front rooms and her mother and I lived in the kitchen and a bedroom. This house was where Danny's Auto was much later. The house was later moved to Muron Avenue.

They then moved to Maryland to Marion's grandfathers who had a farm. After a couple of years, they moved back to Bellingham. Here they lived in the Darling house which was on the north west corner of Lake Street and Cross Street.

In 1893, her Aunt Inez arranged to take Marion, aged 16, with her to learn telegraphy at Derby, Connecticut. Inez was a telegrapher.

Marion started out substituting for operators on vacation. She worked in many towns in Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut.

She worked as a telegraph operator at the Woonsocket Call for 15 years. She was one of the few women operators and service experts in charge of the modern, at that time, teletypes.

Mrs. White explained that there have been no telegraph keys in regular newspaper work for several years.

When she was asked what was the most important news story she ever had. She would reply that it was the September 1938 hurricane. At that time, she was working in the Journal building in downtown Providence when the tidal wave hit causing her to stay a couple nights to keep the machines running.

She also recalled walking two and a half miles through snow to get the train to Providence from Woonsocket in a snowstorm when trolleys and automobiles could not run.

In the big snowstorm of 1935, she walked from her house on Wrentham Road to Crooks Corner on snow shoes where she saw a Journal truck delivering papers. She asked the driver for a ride to Providence. He told her he would be unable to get back to Providence so he could not take her. She managed to get to Woonsocket and take the train which was an hour late.

Mrs. White had received millions of words over the Associated Press wires for the Call before her transfer on February 27, 1928, when the telegraph machines were cut in. After two weeks vacation, she went to work in Providence. When the September hurricane hit, it knocked out power in Providence so she was sent back to Woonsocket to print the Providence morning paper there.

When she entered the office of the Woonsocket Call, she stayed there fifteen years, resigning in 1911. She then was a substitute for several years.

Mrs. White, a native of Bellingham, learned her trade as a Morse code operator in the days before teletypewriters were invented,

The press service demanded an average receiving speed of 35 words per minute from its operators and often the speed was raised to 45 words per minute, and on rare occasions, as high as 63 words per minute – equal to the speed of a teletypewriter. She remembered when messages were sent in pencil or pen and ink.

When the machines came in, they put her out of a steady job because fewer operators were required and the machines could run by themselves. The Associated Press pensioned her off at age 62 lacking two months.

On December 25, 1903, Marion Estes married William White. They had five children – William, Ernest, Marion, Arthur and Annie.

Her mother took care of the children as long as she was able. When the children were in school, their father made arrangements for his working hours to be home when the children were home.

*This information was gleaned from the Snow – Estes Ancestry II by Nora E. Snow. It is from an interview circa 1939..

Nicolas Cook

In 1705, Nicolas Cook took up residence in an area now known as the Town of Bellingham. He received an apportionment of about 40 acres of land in the distribution of common lands by the Town of Dedham. The land laid out to him was "east of the Great River (Blackstone) and on both sides of Peters River". He is considered the second pioneer of Bellingham preceded only by Jacob Bartlett.

As befitting a pioneer, Nicolas was of strong and independent character. He was a Baptist and professed beliefs outside of the strict Puritan traditions of the Massachusetts Colony. The early history of Bellingham reflects the importance religion played in the settling and development of the town.

Nicolas was born in Mendon, the son of Walter & Catherine Cook, on February 9 1660 and died in Bellingham on December 1, 1730 in Bellingham, MA. His marriage to Joanna Rockett or Rockwood from Mendon was recorded in 1684. Secondly, he married Mehitable Staples in 1712.

In 1717, the residents of the area held a meeting at his home, indicating that he was probably a leading citizen of the town. Among other articles of business, they set aside 2 or 3 acres for use as a "burying place". This area, currently known as the South Bellingham Cemetery, is the site of his final resting place.

The Cook family was "fruitful and multiplied" over the years. In the 1790 Census, eight Cook families are listed totaling 57 persons. Before the year 1850, 160 births within the Cook families are recorded.

M.M.

Bibliography: Partridge; History of Bellingham, 1719 – 1919

The Town of Bellingham, MA 1719 – 1969

The Wight Family

Joseph Wight, who was the grandson of Thomas Wight, moved to Bellingham in 1729. Thomas Wight lived in Watertown, Dedham and moved to Medfield with his wife Alice. They had two sons, Samuel and Joseph. Samuel married Hannah Albee and their house was burned by the Indians. Joseph was born in 1675 and married Mrs. Martha Thayer of Bellingham in 1725. They had a son Elnathan. The names of Joseph and Elnathan appear on the first list of the Baptist Church. Joseph sold ninety acres, in three pieces, to Elnathan for six hundred pounds. Elnathan then deeded one parcel to three trustees for the lot on High Street for the first building of the Baptist Church in 1744. This site on High Street was marked with a boulder and an inscription in November, 1912, on the 175th anniversary of the founding of the Baptist Church. Most churches during this time had travelling preachers who preached during the worship service. Elnathan studied for several years and then became Bellingham's first settled pastor. Elnathan had two sons, Nathan, who moved to New York and Eliab, who remained in Bellingham and became a deacon at his father's church. He had one daughter, Abigail, who lived in Worcester. She lived to be 100 years, 10 months, and 3 days. Elnathan married Abigail Blood in 1754 and died in 1761. His widow later married Nathan Mann of Franklin who raised Elnathan's children. When Elnathan died in 1761, his estate filled seven pages of probate records and included sixty books.

The gravestone for the first Baptist minister and his wife is in the North Bellingham Cemetery and has this inscription:

*While you are standing here to read
Prepare for death with care and speed
For sure it is that you must die
And hasten to eternity
Prepare for death he often said
Who in this silent grave is laid.*

*Elnathan Wight
1715 - 1761*

Written by: P.C.

DARLINGS

EARLY SETTLERS

John and Cornelius I and Capt John were sons of Dennis (Denice) and Haannah Darling of Braintree.

John was born before 1667 and had three wives and thirteen children. In his will, he left his estate to be divided three ways

Cornelius I, John's brother in 1675 bought twenty acres from Dr. John Corbet. In 1721, he deeded twenty

-four acres to his son Cornelius, Jr., The brothers John and Cornelius were both weavers as well as farmers. Samuel was John's son. (Samuel built and lived in the house at Bellingham Four Corners it was the building in which Mrs. Hebert started her restaurant. This old house was torn down in order to build the bank. John, Cornelius, and John, son all signed for Bellingham's Petition for Cornelius III built and lived in a house on the corner of Lake Street and Cross Street.

Ahimmas Darling lived on the east side of Lake Street just past Railroad Street. The house still stands. 15 Darlings were born in Bellingham before 1750.

Cornelius, John and Samuel signed the petition for Bellingham to become a town.

Dennis, Eben and Joshua from an younger generation are listed as having fought in the Revolutionary War.

In 1790, the first United States census, there were one hundred and twenty-one families living in Bellingham. Eight of these families were Darling Families.

There are still descendants of some these early settlers living in town.

MC

Lighting never strikes the same place twice.

Red skies at night, sailors delight; red sky in the morning, sailors take warning

When the clouds look like horse tails, rain or snow will come within three days.

When your bone joints hurt, a storm is coming.

A ring around the sun or moon means a storm is coming.

When the forest murmurs and the mountain roars, close your windows and shut your doors.

Count the cricket's chirps in one minute to tell the temperature,

Count the seconds between a flash of lighting and a clap of thunder to tell how far away the storm is.

Flies will swarm before a storm.

April showers bring May Flowers

A ring around the sun, have some fun.

A ring around the moon, showers coming soon.

Thunder in the morning, all day storm.

Cold is the night when the stars are bright.

The higher the clouds, the better the weather.

The best thing one can do when it's raining, is let it rain. — Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Weather forecast for tonight: dark —George Carlin

Some people walk in the rain, others just get wet. — Roger Miller.

When I no longer thrill to the first snow of the season, I'll know I am getting old. —Lady Bird Johnson

There is no such as bad weather only unsuitable clothing. — Alfred Wainwright

MEMORIES OF THE BLIZZARD OF 1978

By Carlton Patrick

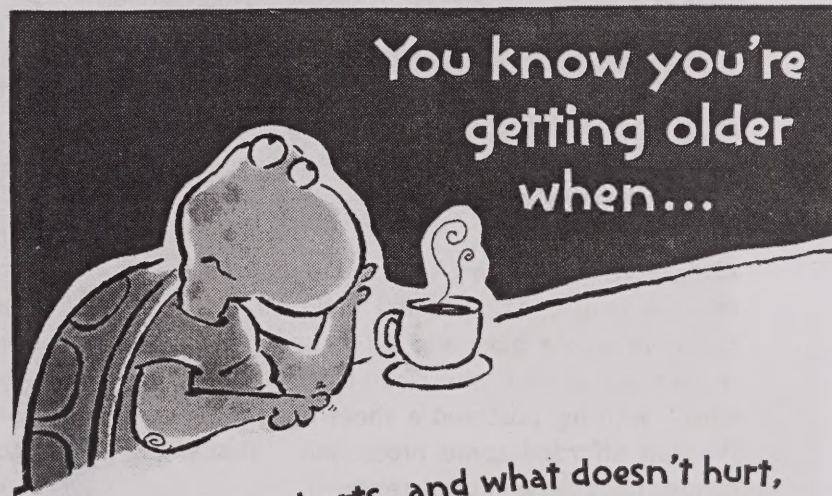
This is some of my memories of the Blizzard of 1978. There was a snowstorm about a week before that had left about a foot of snow. We were in Hawaii at the time and should have stayed there instead of coming home to face a blizzard a week later. At that time I had sold my snow plow and was looking for a new one. Just by luck my brother had moved to New York from Franklin and left some of his equipment with me until he could come back later to get it.

Just by luck one piece was a backhoe with a front end loader. My brother had heard about our snow storm and called me and said to use his equipment to remove the snow. I had never used this before but he gave me a few instructions on running it. It was getting low on fuel and don't let it run out of fuel because it was diesel. I was hoping I could get some help from the highway barn as everything was closed.

So I took a five gallon can and started walking to the highway barn. On the way down one of my customers was coming by on a snowmobile and offered me a ride. He was pretty wild with this snowmobile and when I got on behind him with my gas can he took off and I almost fell off backwards. When we got to the highway barn I went in and saw Gerry Daigle and explained my situation to him. He told me to take some diesel fuel and "you get to operating, then come back to the barn because we could use your help."

After I got back home with the fuel and tried to move the backhoe, it was sitting on glare ice and wouldn't move. By coincidence a highway snowplow had broken down in front of my

house and I knew it had sand on it. I climbed up on it and got a pail of sand to put under the wheels of the backhoe. With a little work I was able to free it and use it for my driveway. Mr. Daigle had told me if I had it under control to come back to the highway barn and help him with some plowing. I spent two days working for him with my equipment and then it was time for me to try and open my business. By then the words were getting better and traffic was allowed for people to get to their jobs. This is part of my story and I am sure a lot of other folks have stories to tell also.



You know you're
getting older
when...

Everything hurts, and what doesn't hurt,
doesn't work...

You feel like the morning after,
and you didn't go anywhere
the night before...

Your knees buckle
and your belt won't...

You can only burn the midnight oil
until 9 o'clock...

The twinkle in your eyes
is the sun hitting your bifocals...

Your back goes out more often
than you do...

IS THIS FOR REAL?????????
FACTS ABOUT THE 1500'S

Most people got married in June because they took their yearly bath in May and still smelled pretty good in June. However, as time passed they were starting to smell, so brides carried a bouquet of flowers to hide he body odor.

Baths consisted of a big tub filled with hot water.. The man of the house had the privilege of the nice clean water; followed by his sons and any other men loiving under the same roof. Then came the women and finally the children. Last of all were the babies. (By then, the water was so dirty you could lose someone in it, hrnce the saying, "Don't throw the baby out with the bath water."

HOUSES

Huses had thatched roofs – thick straw, piled high – with no wood underneath It was the only place for animals to get warm, so all the dogs and cats and other small animals (mice and bugs)lived in the roof. When it rained, the roof became slippery and sometimes the animals, thus came the saying" It is raining cats and dogs.

Also, there was nothing to stop things from falling into the house. This posed a real problem in the bedroom where bugs and other droppings could really mess up your nice clean bed. Hence, a bed with with big postsand a sheet hung hung over the top afforded some protection. That's how canopy beds came into existence.

The floor was dirt. Only the wealthy people had something over the dirt, hence he saying "dirt poor" The wealthy had slate floors that would get slippery in the winter when wet, so they spread thresh (straw) on the floor to help . As the winter wore on, they had to keep adding more thresh. When they opened the door, it would starting out side. A piece or wood was placed in the entrance-way creating a "thresh hold."

In the old days, they cooked in the kitchen in a big kettle that always hung over the fire. Every day they lit the fire and added things to the pot. They would eat mostly vegetables without much meat. They would eat stew for dinner, leaving leftovers in the pot to get cold over night, then start the next day. Often the kettle contained the same stew for quite some time, hence the rhyme, pease porridge

hot, pease porridge cold, pease porridge nine days old.

Families that could obtain pork condidered themselves quite special. When visit, they would hang up their bacon to show off. It was an outward sign of wealth that a man could bring home the bacon.

Another indication was to cut off a sliver of bacon to share with guests and sit around and "chew the fat",

Those with money had plates made of pewter. Unknowingly at the time, food wth a high acid content caused some of the lead to leach into the food causing lead poisoning and maybe death. This happened most often with tomatoes, so for the next 400 years, tomatoes were considered poison.

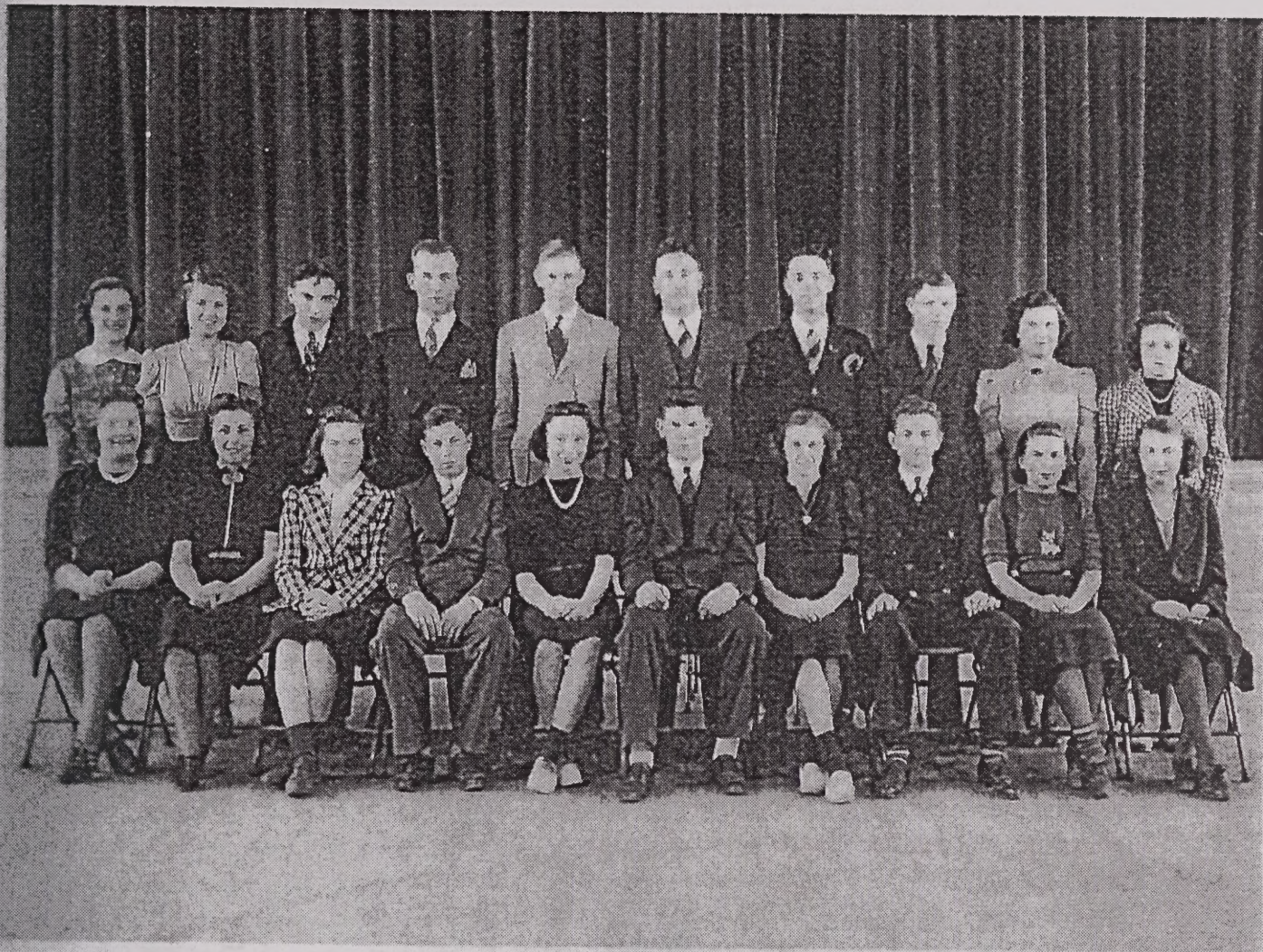
Most people did not have pewter plates but had trenchers, a piece of wood with the middle scooped out like a bowl. Often trenchers were made out of stale bread which was so old and hard that it could be used and reused for quite some time. Trenchers were never washed, and worms and mold got into the wood and old bread. After eating these old trenchers, on could get "trench mouth"

Bread was divided according to status. Workers got the burnt Bottom of the loaf, the family got the middle and guests got the middle and guests got the top.or "the upper crust".

It Must Be Spring

© May Fenn

Hush, Can you hear it?
The rustling in the grass,
Bringing you the welcome news
Winter's day is past.
Soft, Can you feel it?
The warm caressing breeze,
Telling you the sticky buds
Are bursting on the trees.
Look, Can you see them?
The primrose in the lane,
Now you must believe it -
Spring is here again.



THE PIONEER CLASS

FIRST GRADUATING CLASS FROM BELLINGHAM HIGH SCHOOL*

1939

FRONT ROW

HELEN JOAN MOSTEK
MARY GENEVIEVE GIGANTE
ESTHER MARGARET FOLEY
GEORGE STAPLES
LOLA LORETTA MEOTTI
EDGAR SCOTT
RITA STELLA GUERIN
LEO CARTIER
EVERLENN SIMS
EVELYN MARY BOYLE

BACK ROW

MARION ELIZABETH HOGARTH
JENNIE ZHAWRED
ALBET JAMES SPENCER
STEPHEN NADOLNY
WINDSOR DAVIS BATES
VIRILIO PETER FORTE
J. ADELARRD BERNIER
DANTE INNOCENTE
BLANCHE EVELYN FITZPATRICK
CONSTANCE BLANCHE FARLEY

* THE OLD HIGH SCHOOL ON HARPIN STREET

A FRIENDLY THOUGHT FOR EACH DAY OF THE
WEEK

Wouldn't this world be a different place
If we began each day
With the thought of helping someone
That we meet along the way?

If we set out with a little prayer
That through the day we'd find
A chance to leave some sunshine
And happiness behind?
MONDAY

Is there someone you know who's lonely,
And haven't seen for a while?
Let them know that they're thought about
With a call, a word, or a smile.

TUESDAY

Don't neglect the chance today
To do some kindly act
Or pay a little compliment
With thoughtfulness and tact.

WEDNESDAY

This is a day for forgetting
Yesterday's cares and its strife
This is a day for remembering
The joys and the blessings of life.

THURSDAY

Think of a friend who's in trouble
Is there some little thing you can do?
If there's nothing else, then offer a prayer
From a heart that's sincere and true.

FRIDAY

Today should be just for your loved ones
Find some little way of expressing
The thought that their love will always be
Life's greatest and sweetest blessing.

SATURDAY

You may have cares and duties
There are dozens of things to be done
But don't let the day come to an end
Without some laughter and fun.

SUNDAY

This is a day for rejoicing
For thinking of God above
Arise and give thanks for the blessing
Of His deep and abiding love.

May these little thoughts
From the heart of a friend
Bring joy to your week
From its start to its end.

Courtesy of Mae Vater

PLEASE NOTE

This newspaper is printed on a special stock. Now your breath on space at the right... If the paper turns red, see your doctor immediately. If it turns blue, consult your lawyer. If it turns black, waste no time in making your funeral arrangements. If it does not turn any color, you are perfectly well, and there is no reason why you should not vote.

A TEACHER REMEMBERS

Remembrances from Miss Margaret Drown, a teacher in North Bellingham, 1930 – 1935.

Many years ago I taught the primary grades, 1&2, in the North Bellingham School. Our school included children from two villages, North Bellingham and Caryville.

This was during the depression, and in the pre-television, pre-space travel days. School was the BIG thing in the lives of these boys and girls.

Most of the children walked to school. Only the few who lived too far away came on the "barge". This was a motor vehicle, not a horse drawn affair such as the one in which the schoolmates of my childhood rode. But it was not much like the modern school bus either.

We didn't have many of the things now considered essential for a school. Not knowing what we were missing, we did not feel deprived and the children learned.

Our building had four large classrooms on two floors. There was no principal's office, auditorium, no gymnasium and no library or media center. Our rooms were heated by hot air, often accompanied by coal gas. We had indoor plumbing but no drinking fountains. Perhaps the water was not suitable for drinking, as our drinking water came from the neighbor's well. It was served to the pupils from a pail and each child had their own cup or glass.

Our audio-visual aids consisted of blackboard and chalk, books and pictures. There was a piano in the upper grade classroom, and our primary class had rhythm band instruments.

We had neither radio or television, and no projectors, tape recorders, or computers.

In place of a bulletin board, we had picture wire strung in rows between the windows and the corner of the room, on which pupils' work was displayed.

Our duplicators were hectographs, devices with a jelly like substance in a wooden frame. Spirit duplicators and copiers were still in the future.

Our seat work materials included the following: boxes of parquetry blocks for making pretty designs; boxes of letters for making sentences, or reading, spelling, and phonics words; colored wooden pegs and boxes of numbers for "number work". Workbooks were a new idea. We used our first workbooks in my fourth year there.

We had textbooks in reading, spelling, phonics, music and penmanship. In the primary grades the arithmetic, language, health, science and social studies (though not called by that name), were taught without books.

Our chalkboards in those days were always black, which faded into gray, but they were big rectangles of real slate.

There was no Parent –Teacher Association in North Bellingham. Room mothers and teachers' aides were unknown to us but we had a few helpers who gave the children a change from their regular fare. The music supervisors, Mrs. Frances Settle, and then Evelyn Mayer, brought cheer to both teachers and pupils. We were always glad to see our school nurses, Miss Helen Grady and Miss Ann Edwards. They came from the District Nursing Association in Milford. Occasionally the 4H Club people visited us, too.

Then in my last two years, we had something new – a handwriting supervisor, Mr. William Rinehart. His teaching brought about a dramatic improvement in the writing of all school pupils all over town. From him I learned principles and methods that I use to this day in teaching penmanship.

My pupils were happy also to have their Superintendant (my Dad) visit school. He gave a penny to each child who correctly recited a multiplication table. In my mind I can still hear the rhythmic way they said these numbers; “two times two equals four”, etc. with the voices dropping at the end of each line.

The playground wasn’t paved nor was it level, and there was no playground apparatus. But the boys and the girls were resourceful and had a good time just the same.

Our schoolyard was large and we were situated in the country, with woods behind the playground and a pasture on one side.

Having no auditorium did not stop us from have entertainments. We were sure to have a Christmas party and a program, for which two classes usually joined in one classroom.

An annual event was our health-oriented May Day. This was held outdoors since all four classes took part. Other special days were celebrated in our rooms.

Some of us led 4-H Clubs which met after school. I had the beginners in sewing. We chose the “Happy Sewing Circle” for our club.

We sometimes had parties, especially on Valentine’s Day. There were May basket parties, too. These were engineered by the

students themselves –any group who decided to “hang a **May Basket on the teacher**”, as they expressed it. **Clara Macy and I had a secret agreement about these parties, but I think it can be told now.** Usually a group who wished to have a May Basket party for one of us, would ask the other for help in getting the teacher out of the room while they brought in the May Basket. So the would go to the other teacher and say something like this: “Will you come into my room for a few minutes? I need to lure you away for a while.” The teacher who was “lured away” was quick to catch on to cooperate so that the party planners could proceed with their plans. Of course the recipient of the May Basket expressed surprise and pleasure when she saw what they had brought.

We had never heard of field trips in those days. But there was one thing that almost might fall into that category. After school one wintry day, a group from my class took a sled, some tools, and me to a pasture where we chose and cut down our own Christmas tree and then brought it to school on the sled.

I have many happy memories of my five years in the North Bellingham School.

I remember the mystery surrounding the fate of the two crickets we had in an “escape-proof” box for future study. One day when I arrived at school I found that one cricket was headless and the other was nowhere to be seen.

I remember the “little dog with long fingernails and a funny nose” that a group of children described to me one day. They had found it (dead) in the swampy part of the playground. It turned out to be a star-nosed mole. I remember how sad we were when the

Phoebe's nest on the boys' porch had been knocked down. I also remember the many lice which crawled over the bay birds, and on our hands and knees we picked them up.

I remember Frankie who could get into a fight and yet go home as neat as a pin. As he said, he had to, or there would be consequences!

I remember when Buddy he discovered that his tongue was going just the way his pencil did in writing class.

I was glad when I learned that Billy had accidentally? dropped the note into the brook that I had written to his mother about his behavior. She didn't need to know.

Helen knew more than the teacher about some things. It was she who taught me to twenty in Polish. I can still count to ten.

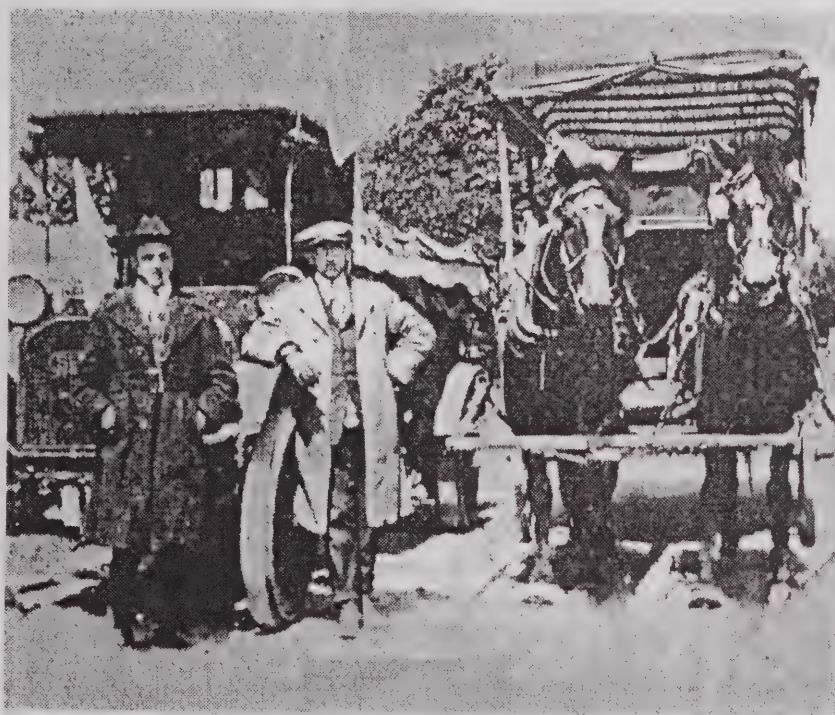
I remember when I was treating Eddie's knee I asked him how he happened to fall down. His answer was "I just tipped over."

I remember Dotty and Danny who lived in "the block", and Anna and Mae who lived closest to the school.

I remember that George was my handyman, ready to help with any clean-up job. I also remember what a good penman he and his sisters, Clara and Frieda were. Maybe they inherited artistic ability from their mother.

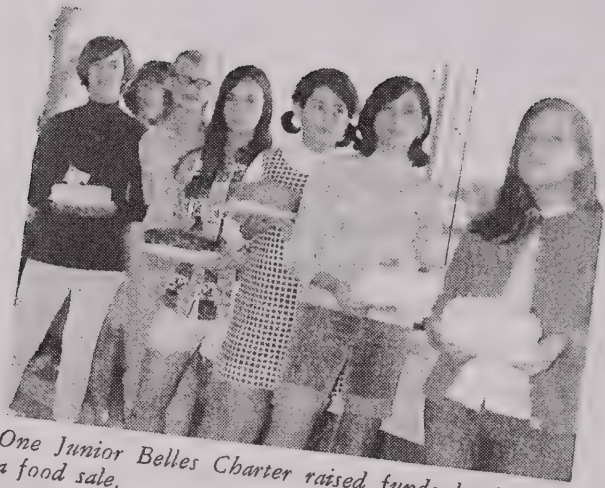
I remember Joey and "Vah" (Walter), who sat right in the front seats, not that they were naughty, I just wanted them near me. I was pleased to learn in later years that one of them had become a teacher himself.

I remember Clara Macy, the teacher of grades three and four, who became my life-long friend. Laura Fitzpatrick, also from North Bellingham, taught grades five and six my first year there. After she was married, Helen Pickard took her place. Helen, now Mrs. Cromie, still write each other at Christmas. The upper grade room was taught by Margaret Lennon, who had been my eighth grade teacher in Medway. A few years ago we renewed our acquaintance by correspondence and kept in touch until her death. After Miss Lennon transferred to another school, North Bellingham boys and girls I think I would use the word LOYALTY – loyalty to family, home and school.

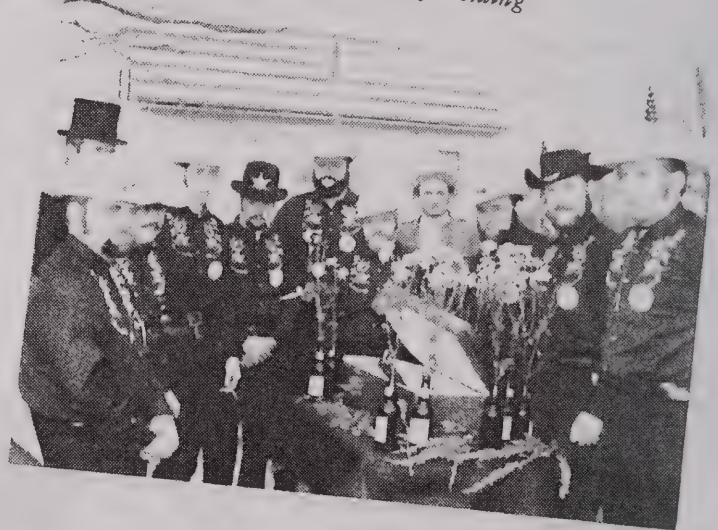


school
bus of yester-
year. Then
horse-drawn,
it was known as
a school Barge.
Gentleman with
cap is Francis
Thayer. Other
man is not known.

Typical couple depicting an era during
the Town's early history.



One Junior Belles Charter raised funds by holding
a food sale.



God made man
Frail as a bubble;
God made love,
Love made trouble,
God made the vine,
Was it a sin
That man made wine
To drown trouble in?

NORTH SCHOOL

GRADE 8 1937 & 38



WINTER



Helen
Buckley



William
Buckley



Norman
Belcher



Janet
Brown



Wyman
Cook



Lenore
DeJony



Irene
Drapeau



Clair
Fitzpatrick



Mary
Foley



Clair
Guyette



Shirley
Hunter



John
Kozak



Wilfred
LeBlanc



Eugene
Lemire



Charles
Michalowski



Frances
Naughton



Emil
Pouliot



George
Sarakin

Pictures
Contributed by
Florence
McCracken

Lighting never strikes the same place twice.

Red skies at night, sailors delight; red sky in the morning, sailors take warning

When the clouds look like horse tails, rain or snow will come within three days.

When your bone joints hurt, a storm is coming.

A ring around the sun or moon means a storm is coming.

When the forest murmurs and the mountain roars, close your windows and shut your doors.

Count the cricket's chirps in one minute to tell the temperature,

Count the seconds between a flash of lighting and a clap of thunder to tell how far away the storm is.

Flies will swarm before a storm.

April showers bring May Flowers

A ring around the sun, have some fun.

A ring around the moon, showers coming soon.

Thunder in the morning, all day storm.

Cold is the night when the stars are bright.

The higher the clouds, the better the weather.

The best thing one can do when it's raining, is let it rain. – Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Weather forecast for tonight: dark –George Carlin

Some people walk in the rain, others just get wet. – Roger Miller.

When I no longer thrill to the first snow of the season, I'll know I am getting old. –Lady Bird Johnson

There is no such as bad weather only unsuitable Clothing. – Alfred Wainwright

ATTENTION!

THE ANNUAL MEMORIAL DAY PARADE

IS SCHEDULED FOR MAY 20, 2018.

THE PARADE STARTS FROM THE HIGH SCHOOL AT 1:00 PM AND MARCHES TO THE TOWN COMMON WHERE THERE WILL BE A SHORT CEREMONY AND AN HISTORICAL DISPLAY.

~~~~~

STARTING MARCH 12, THE ERNEST A. TAFT Jr. MUSEUM, BELLINGHAM'S HISTORICAL MUSEUM, WILL BE OPEN ON TUESDAYS FROM 8:30 – 1:00 UNTIL THE END OF JUNE. THIS IS IN ADDITION TO THE FIRST SUNDAY OF EACH MONTH FROM 1:00 PM – 4:00 PM.



## OLD NICK

Although this story has been published before in the Crimpville Comments, there are always people in town who have never heard of it.

A six o'clock every weekday morning, Old Nick, a livery horse, was harnessed to a buggy, driverless, with reins tied to the dash, he would faithfully trot down Mechanic Street, where he would turn the carriage around and stop in front of the Whitney home to wait for Miss Allie.

As soon as she was seated in the carriage behind him, carefully and without guidance, Nick would escort the young lady to the railroad station on Depot Street where they met the train to Medway. She worked in the straw shop there. The year was 1908.

Once she alighted from the carriage, Old Nick returned to his own stable and waited for his own owner, Earl Thayer, to free him from the wagon. In the evening, Old Nick would return to drive Miss Allie home.

Because of his unusual abilities, Nick left an impression in the lives of many of the town fathers who spread his fame throughout the community.

Incidentally, historic notes add that when Nick needed new shoes, he would go alone, to the blacksmith for them. Needless to say, Nick's power of reasoning was rare.

Described as an intelligent and thoughtful worker, Nick was rather frisky and mischievous on his own time. After many laboring years, Old Nick retired to the cornfield where he was left to roam, undisturbed, but never forgotten.

## TO THE THAWING WIND

By Robert Frost

Come with rain, O loud Southwester!  
Bring the singer, bring the nester;  
Give the buried flower a dream;  
Make the settled snowbank steam;  
Find the brown beneath the white;  
But what e'er you do tonight,  
Bathe my window, make it flow,  
Melt it as the ice will go.  
Melt the glass and leave the sticks  
Like a hermit's crucifix;  
Burst into my narrow stall;  
Swing the picture on the wall,  
Run the rattling pages o'er;  
Scatter poems on the floor;  
Turn the poet out of door.

## DEATHS

KASIMER J. ALEXANDER  
JOHN J. ANGELINI  
MICHAEL E. BARTLETT BHS 1978  
JANET BEAUDET  
PETER BERTALINO  
NANCY DALRYMPLE  
STEPHEN FLEURY  
CLARENCE "CUT" FOURNIER  
ROBIN ANN MARTEL BHS 1977  
MARK MALONE  
MATTHEW R, 'MATT' NORD BHS 2005  
DOROTHY (ARLEQUEEUW) O'KEEFE  
LINDA PARLARDYOS  
DANIEL PERELLA II  
DIANE P. (DUBEAU) POULIOT  
IRENE REID  
ANGELO J. RISOTTI  
RAYMOND RICHARD, Jr.  
STELLA (KAWA) SKRZAT

## GIFTS

FRANCES CLANCY BENJAMIN  
MARY C, BURR  
JUNE A, MERRICK  
CARLTON PATRICK  
ALBERT PINCLNCE



Bellingham Historical Commission  
3 Common Street  
Bellingham, MA 02019

PRST STD  
U.S. POSTAGE  
PAID  
BELLINGHAM, MA  
PERMIT NO. 16



BUILT IN 1965 AS A FIRE AND POLICE STATION.

